



## Let's Get The Hell Out Of Here by Memessavedme

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For @gravegroves on Tumblr for Harringrove For Palestine♥

## Let's Get The Hell Out Of Here



It felt insane, like some sort of dream. As if it wasn't really happening but as Steve loaded up the trunk of the beamer with whatever supplies they could grab in time Billy couldn't help but stop to try and process the past 24 hours. The world turning upside down within a day, most likely the end of the world itself.

The back seat was filled with suitcases and boxes. First Aid kits, blankets, a tent, clothes and whatever else they could think of. Things they hoped would keep them safe, as safe as possible as the vines began to spread from the lab.

"Is that it?" Steve turned.

"I think so," Billy replied and handed him his jacket as he pulled on his own. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

He looked up at the house for a moment, his childhood home now shrouded in the dark of the night. Empty as it always was, but this time he was glad his parents were far away. They had more of a chance.

"What else do we do? Sit around and wait for the Demodogs to come and take us out?" Steve replied and walked over to Billy to take his hands. "If the world's ending I wanna go out fighting with you."

Billy smiled. Their foreheads met.

"Let's get the hell out of here."

With that, they were in the car. Speeding through the streets, houses empty as the residents of Hawkins gathered at the town hall for safety. Not that there was much to be found there. Some had the same idea as Steve. Run. The smart ones now blocking the main exit.

Hopper and Joyce grabbed the kids and their families the moment it all went wrong, as soon as it became clear there was no way to win this time. Max telling Billy to stay alive and get to the border as fast as possible.

Billy knew the backroads like he had lived there his entire life, a piece of knowledge that saved their lives that day. Except, as they turned a corner they saw it. The lab itself.

"I forgot this road went past it. Shit," Billy thumped his fist on the dashboard hard.

"We gotta do it," Steve looked at him. "If we don't get to Mexico before those vines it's over."

That was the plan, get somewhere warm. Hot, too hot for the creatures of the Upside Down to survive. A plan they needed to see through quickly because the vines had already reached the school, pool and the Byers. A simple plan in theory but not so much in practice as they had just discovered.

Knowing they would most likely have to fight their way through Steve kept driving until they heard the familiar roar in the distance. They were driving right past the nest. The forest around them turned blue as if they had entered the Upside Down itself. Familiar sounds echoing as they got closer and closer, the pressure in the air increasing.

It was then, just as the lights of the building came into full view that the car was hit by something. Something big enough to tip it slightly, throw Steve off and nearly drive off the road but he managed to steer back to the direction they were heading.

"Go!" Billy yelled and impulsively reached to grab the sleeve of Steve, gripping it as he floored it.

"I'm trying!" He shouted back but the car wasn't moving.

"What the hell?"

Another roar, but this time it came from behind them. They turned to see a Demogorgon towering over the vehicle, far taller than any Steve had seen.

"It's holding the car," Billy said and he was correct.

The monster lifted the rear, stopped the back wheels from touching the road.

"Holy shit," Steve breathed and reached for Billy in return, both of them staring at the creature but holding on to one another in a desperate attempt to feel safe.

"I'm gonna kill this bastard," Billy grabbed the spiked bat from the back seat and climbed out into the chilled night air. "Who do you think you are? Huh?"

The Demogorgon dropped the car but Steve's foot was still on the gas pedal which sent the car speeding away down the road, leaving Billy alone with the monster. He froze for a moment as he realised just how much danger he was now in, no backup close enough to save him.

Then, just as the creature stepped towards him, lifting its arm to slash at Billy he swung the bat with his full strength and it lodged into its side.

It cried out but when he went to pull it back, take it for another swing it wouldn't budge. No matter how hard he pulled or twisted he couldn't get it back. That was when something else came at him, sending him to the wet ground. The Demogorgon began scratching at his chest, growling in his face as he tried to push it off but it wasn't budging.

Just as he thought that right there would be his final moment, he heard the screech of rubber on concrete and the honk of a car horn. Something that distracted the dog enough for Billy to push it off and scramble to his feet.

"Move!" Steve yelled as the headlights got closer and closer until just as the Demogorgon lifted its arm again the hood of the beamer sent it flying over the car and onto the road. "Get in!"

He didn't hesitate. "Took you long enough!"

"The gas peddle was stuck!" Steve replied.

The anger disappeared as they looked at one another, Billy's hands moving to touch Steve in whatever ever way possible. Steve's hands pulling at his clothes to check his wounds. Nothing life-threatening but definitely in need of cleaning.

"You better warn me next time you decide to try and get yourself killed," they both moved forward to press their foreheads together again. "I need you."

"I ain't going anywhere," Billy replied and kissed him.

A kiss that tasted like metal and dirt, fast and hard like they needed to know the other was alright. To make sure they knew how scared they truly were. A kiss that was interrupted by the dog jumping onto the hood of the car and throwing itself at the windscreen.

Steve backed up, hitting the Demogorgon once more for good measure as the dog fell off the car. The beamer picking up speed before he turned sharply and continuing down past the lab.

"That was pretty hot," Billy smirked. "If we weren't in serious danger I'd tell you to pull over."

"Save it for Mexico," Steve smiled, changing gear before taking his hand over the stick. "We got plenty of time for that when we get the hell outta Hawkins."